

VOL. LXII. No. 1599.

PUCK BUILDING, New York, October 23d, 1907.

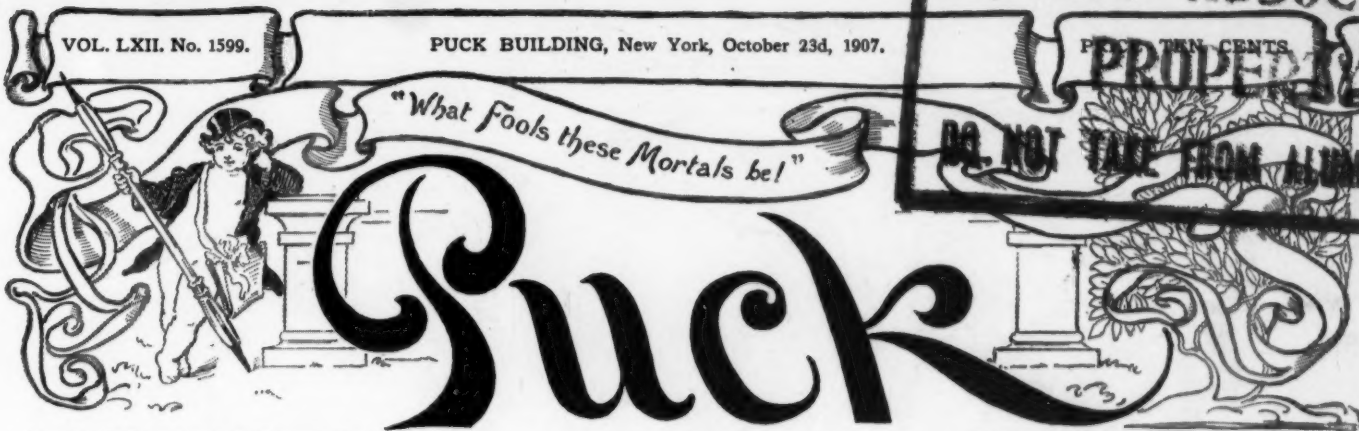
ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

FIVE TEN CENTS

PROPER

DO NOT TAKE FROM ALUMNI ROOM.

"What fools these Mortals be!"



Copyright, 1907, by Keppler & Schwarzmann.

Entered at N. Y. P. O. as Second-class Mail Matter.



THE WAR WITH JAPAN.

"The war talk is due entirely to newspapers, which seek to increase their sales, and which for political reasons attack the Government."—Taft at Tokio.



KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN
Publishers and Proprietors
395-399 Lafayette Street, New York

PUCK
No. 1599. WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1907
A. H. FOLWELL, Editor

Published every Wednesday. \$5.00 per year.
\$2.50 for six months. \$1.25 for three months.
Payable in advance

"What Fools These Mortals Be!"

THOMAS F. RYAN, you may remember, was the Moses delegated to lead the Equitable out of the Insurance Wilderness.

AS WE read successive chapters in the story of New York traction graft, the main, the insurmountable objection to municipal ownership comes vividly to mind. Authorities of undoubted excellence, as excellent as Messrs. Brady and Ryan themselves, have repeatedly said that public ownership of public utilities must never supplant private ownership because corruption is so hopelessly linked with the former. It is to laugh—or it would be, if the situation were a shade less disgraceful.

SEE THE great financier. How earnestly and eloquently he speaks! He is pleading the cause of the small investor, pleading for

mercy. He is fearful lest the small investor suffer and come crashing to grief from contact with Roosevelt's policies. The great financier is a firm friend of the small investor. Indeed he is—NOT. In previous years, the great financier has flim-flammed the small investor from Trinity Church to Wall Street ferry, and from the Sub-Treasury building to Exchange Place. Yes, and back again. Flim-flammed him in Steel, in Amalgamated Copper, in U. S. Shipbuilding, and if you wish a really ripe instance, in New York traction stocks. How sturdily the great financier now champions the cause of the confiding small investor! How unselfishly he shields him from the onslaught of fanatic honesty! Damon and Pythias, Sanford and Merton, the Wolf and the Lamb!

IN OUR neighbor, *The Sun*, we observe this headline over a Washington despatch: May Halt Railroad Crusade. This is the third in the popular Park Row series of headlines, the other two being "President May Speak Out" and "Jerome Gains Strength Daily."

THE REV. DR. AKED says that the story of Jonah and the whale is fiction. It is not, however, the kind of fiction that truth is stranger than.

"SHE LAY prone, her face towards the stars."—H. B. Marriott-Watson in a current magazine.

PRONE.—To lie with the face or front downward.—Century Dictionary.

Puzzle: Did she see stars when she fell on her face?

P.S.—Did she fall, or was she pushed?

"FEAR Hughes will force prosecution," is a recent newspaper headline. PUCK admires the Governor, who stands like a stone wall 'gainst the attacks of the grafters. And PUCK warns Governor Hughes that he will set bounds to his popularity if he

forces prosecution. If he is more than a negative power for righteousness he will have to reckon with the multitude, who find fault with the man who "does something." The critical attitude goes by the polite name of "conservatism." The Governor himself has used the word "conservative" in his speeches. Conservatism at the present time is a powerful ally of graft, and a great many grafters and graft-controlled newspapers are praising Mr. Hughes. These will be the first to turn on him if he becomes militant. Better start something, Governor!

WESTERN GRAFTERS are wearing buttons labeled, "Don't knock. Boost." It behooves the friends of reform to knock as hard as they can.

THE VICE-PRESIDENT of the Rock Island railway system counts first among the causes that have made railroad securities unsalable, "the misdeeds of the railroads themselves." This gentleman very likely knows his business. The average railroad president does not.



THE VERY IDEA!

DAME JUSTICE.—Mercy! If my bandage hadn't slipped I might have mistaken these gentlemen for members of the criminal classes.

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION PROPERTY.

DO NOT TAKE FROM ALUMNI ROOM.

PUCK.

THE WAR WITH JAPAN.

OUR good typewriters whirr and click,
Our pulses in a frenzy caper,
And copy boys come double-quick
To catch the flying leaves of paper.

COPY!

The Night Ed. sounds the trumpet call:
Now, bing! bang! forward all!
Into the fight!

Dash on beneath the smoking "pill,"
And storm the Japanese position.
The Mergenthalers shriek and shrill,—
Hurrah! There goes the first edition!

COFFEE!

We snatch a bite,—then on again!
Bing! bang! Boil it, men!
Cut right and left!

They flee before our linotypes,
They fall beneath each leaden volley.
"We're overset!" the foreman pipes.
Now, boys, to cop the sub and trolley!

THIRTY!

The Night Ed. sounds the swift recall:
Cling! clang! Uptown all!
Home, and good-night!

B. L. T.



ON THE ROAD.

INCIDENT IN THE SKYWARD PROGRESS OF THE PROPHET ELIJAH.

DISTINCTLY LITERARY.

WE were speaking with the great Author. "And your method of creating interest?" we inquired.

"Murder, Arson, Riot, Rotten Politics, Scandalous Immorality and Genuine Piffle," said he, more succinctly than modern authors are wont.

"Ah!" we rejoined, "then you do not really create—you simply photograph interesting things?"

Was it possible that he detected irony in our tone? He replied

sullenly, albeit with some fire: "Interesting—certainly they are interesting! Do you dare dispute? My last novel sold 178,000 copies, not including those advertised as sold but never printed."

We saw we had a stubborn genius, and a man of parts. Our speech grew softer: "Now, in regard to Piffle—you regard Piffle as an absolutely necessary ingredient to the successful novel of to-day, do you not, dear sir?"

The splendid tape-line forehead bore a look of suffering; then a proud light shone in his eye. "Piffle," quoth he, "is more to be desired than rubies and fine gold. The Graces of our Letters are Piffle, Punk and Putridity. Of these three the greatest is Piffle."

"Thank you," we said, and departed with our suspicions quite confirmed.

Fred Ladd.

PUZZLE FOR CHILDREN.

A MAN has two hobbies. On one he spends \$22,000 annually and the other costs him \$600 each year. One is air cooled and the other is naturally cool. He takes one out nights and the other goes out alone. One has but one sparker and the other has several. He cranks one and the other is self-cranky. Both are inconsistent and exceedingly unreliable. Which of the two hobbies is the man's wife and which is his automobile?



THE HIGHLAND FLING.



THE PARTING OF THE WAYS.

"Cut out that crying!" cried the desperate husband. "We are at the parting of the ways. Make your choice. Which shall go in the ash barrel—your picture post card collection or your Teddy bears?" But the problem being too much for the wife she promptly fainted.

COMING SOME.

OBADIAH.—Looks as though this here man Hughes wuz the dark hoss in the preserdential campaign.
HEZIKIAH.—Dark hoss nothin'! He's the red auttymobile, b'gosh!

By terms of endearment we mean those terms with which a wife, addressing them to her husband, causes herself to cost him more money.



KEEP BRIDGET SATISFIED.

LET HER HAVE THE FAMILY AUTO THURSDAY AFTERNOONS AND EVERY OTHER SUNDAY.

HIS DOUBLE VICTORY.

The Annual Football Story from "The Anyold Magazine."

CHAPTER I.

WHEN Hiram Hazel left the farm and started for Valetton his father told him to be honest, brave and conservative. Hiram promised, and a tear glistened in each eye as he looked back on the cherished homestead.

CHAPTER II.

Hiram arrived at college and his store clothes and ungainly stride proved a generous target for his future class-mates. Late that night Hiram sat at a small table in his room. He saw in retrospect a picture of the old farm with its kind hands and loving hearts. Then he wrote and told the folks of his first day at college. "I am lonesome here," he concluded.

CHAPTER III.

The day of the great football match was almost at hand. The excitement was intense.

"We are certainly going to lose," said Dawson, the head coach, unless we can find someone to take Husky's place at full-back."

CHAPTER IV.

Hiram Hazel's eyes looked on Alice Carter's enchanting face and Cupid's die was cast. Hiram could not sleep that night and the next day he wrote home. "It is not so lonesome now," his letter said.

CHAPTER V.

Dawson, the head-coach, was dejectedly crossing the campus when he saw Hiram.

"Here you," he called, "come with me."

"Wut fer?" inquired Hiram.

"For the honor of the college," replied Dawson; and Hiram went.

CHAPTER VI.

Clear, cold and crisp dawned the day of the great football game between Valetton and Princevard. The chocolate and emerald

colors of Valetton were waved in the grandstand by thousands while the orange and turquoise tints of Princevard were fanned through the atmosphere by tens of hundreds. And in that maze of people and riot of excitement sat Alice Carter, pink-cheeked, happy-eyed and beautiful. She wore the Valetton colors.

CHAPTER VII.

As the stalwart heroes of Valetton took their places on the field a wave of astonishment buzzed among the spectators. Instead of Husky, the regular full-back, the crowd saw a huge giant, a very column of muscle and brawn, walk on the gridiron. It was Hiram Hazel. Alice Carter felt a soft blush creep over her delicate cheek.

CHAPTER VIII.

Seven minutes to play and the score was tie! The excitement was intense. It was painful. Even the leaders of the cheering seemed affected by it and forgetting flag and megaphone, they turned to watch the quivering teams. Suddenly the majestic form of Hiram Hazel shot out from the mass of players and darted like prairie fire toward Princevard's goal. Shout after shout split the tingling air. Dodging men right and left, jumping over them and running through them, Hiram continued his wild flight for the honor of Valetton. The white five yard lines fairly flew beneath his feet. The contents of the grand stand arose en



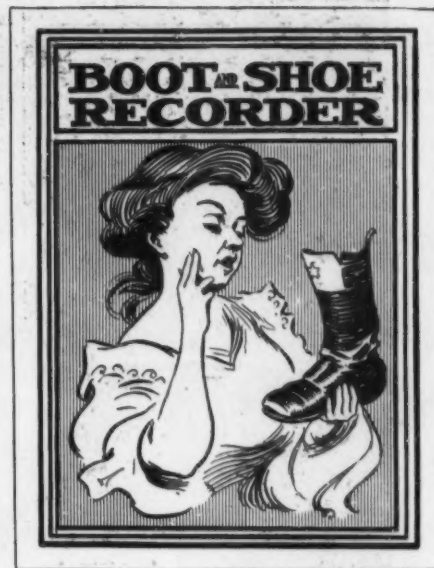
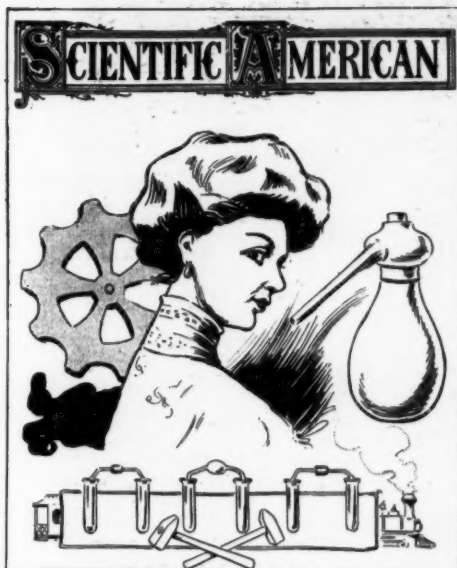
VITIATED.

THE FOREMAN (*back for instructions*). — Judge, we're all tangled up concernin' th' testimony of Jim Boggs.

THE COURT. — Don't you know what to do with it?

THE FOREMAN. — We knowed *jest* what t' do with it, tell we diskivered wher' he'd told th' truth in one place.

There is a tolerably well-defined difference between the man with a sense of humor and the man with a comic section, merely.



WHAT'S A MAGAZINE WITHOUT A GIRL-COVER?

DESIGNS SUGGESTED TO THREE OF PUCK'S CONTEMPORARIES WHICH THUS FAR HAVE RESISTED THE "GIRL" TENDENCY.

masse. Now Hiram has but one Princevard man to pass. That man, low crouching and ready for the vital spring, was right between him and the goal posts. With a bound marvelous in rapidity and wonderful in execution Hiram leaped over the Princevard player, lodged the ball safely beyond the goal and dropped to the ground unconscious. Then from the Valetton stands, the cheering burst forth like the roar of a cataract, long pent up.

CHAPTER IX.

"He will recover," said the physician, with quiet confidence. Hiram Hazel's head rested in Alice Carter's hands and at the

physician's words tears of grateful joy came into the girl's eyes. Slowly Hiram showed signs of returning consciousness.

"I love you, Hiram," cooed Alice, softly, "come back and speak to me, dearest."

Hiram's eyes opened and he gazed into the lovely face.

"Oh—oh," he muttered, weakly; "ef thet ol' cow kicks agin like thet I'll git Pa ter sell 'er."

THE END.

Perrine Lambert.

THE WESTERN WAY.

WE were being shown through by the butler, a magnificent fellow, who had been in the family of the ancient owners all his life.

"To think," we sighed, "of this old castle being sold to a rich American!"

Of course we didn't expect the butler to join, openly, in our regret, since he was retained by the new proprietor. But we read his face, as he pointed out the ghost's walk.

"The ghost doesn't walk any more," we ventured, sadly.

"Ah, but it does, as never before in my time!" exclaimed the butler, jingling some coins in his pocket, rather comfortably, it would seem, to tell the truth.

CHAMPAGNE.

WE know as "Talking Water" The greatest booze what is. Too long, by half! The stuff we quaff, When wealthy, is "Chin Fizz."

CREATIVE.

A CERTAIN MAN, coming from abroad, was taken up by the smart set.

"We'll make a lion of him," quoth they, "for the distinction he will thereupon reflect upon us."

But the man was too little. It takes considerable material to make a lion.

"Then we'll make a monkey of him," said the smart set, determined to have some exercise for their creative genius.

Nor was the world necessarily the worse off. For, after all, it is the contribution to the gayety of nations that is especially needed.



GETTING 'EM TO CHURCH.

A METHOD THAT IS GUARANTEED TO WORK ON ANY CLEAR SABBATH.



HIS FATE.

THE MORMON ELDER'S HALLOWE'EN VISION.

A GOOD MODERN STORY.



HE reporter dashed breathless up to the city editor's desk and gasped:
 "Awful runaway . . . carriage with spirited horses . . . driver loses control of them . . . animals flee in frenzy through public highway . . . tear up vehicle . . . drag helpless woman for three blocks . . . driver thrown out and skull fractured . . . dies in a few minutes . . . other victim finally grabbed from wrecked carriage by a policeman . . . unconscious and at point of death . . . crowd cheers brave deed of officer . . . Ambulance called . . . injured hurried to hospital . . . big throng of people crowd around . . . horse continues wild flight down street . . . Thrilling story!"

"Write ten lines about it," said the city editor nonchalantly as he turned to the next reporter who had just appeared.

"What you got?"

"An automobile accident. Chauffeur loses control of touring car and runs into a lamp-post. Is thrown out and found dead with head crushed in. Machine badly damaged with front end smashed, axle bent, right wheel broken, tires cut, hood dented and gashed. As far as I could learn the engine was not in any way impaired. The batteries were jerked out of place and thrown to the street. Steering apparatus was still intact. Carburator untouched. Gears were lightly damaged. The speedometer was discovered on the

sidewalk. Control and brake levers were twisted and lamps crushed beyond all recognition. Body of car was displaced to some extent."

"Good modern story," said the city editor. "Write a column and we'll put it on the first page."

John H. McNeely.

THE NEXT IMPROVEMENT.

"WHEN MUSIC, Heavenly maid, was young,
 While far in early Greece she sung"—
 She did her work with mouth and hand,
 Her honest product was uncanned.

But now that she's no longer green,
 Our tunes are ground out by machine,
 They come in rolls and disks complete,
 To go by springs or human feet.

Thus Progress lightens human tasks.
 The human ear but one thing asks —
 But one thing more remains to do —
 Give us machines to listen, too!

Tudor Jenks.

BENEFICENT WARNING.

"BUT," protested the Plain People, "you are robbing us."
 "Suppose I am," responded the Trust, sapiently; "if you stop me it will bring on a panic, and then where will you be?"

The love of money is the root of all evil, and it grows on you.



HERR CONRIED SINGS*

(Accompanying himself on a jewsharp.)

HAT boots it that Signor Caruso has pinched
A thousand of women without being lynched?
What boots it so long as this swaggering goat
Has thousands of dollars concealed in his throat?
This mountain of beef-fat, this mass of conceit,
This ignorant lout who was picked from the street,
His voice is productive of dollars untold:
He sings like a bird, and I gather the gold.

What boots it that strong men aspire to boot
From Bangor to Butte this Italian galoot?—
This fat-headed Dago, this peacock of brass,
This flatulent ninny, this simpering ass.
His love-affairs—pooh! they are nothing to me,
And I'm happy to say that the public agree.
Let him pinch all the females from here to St. Joe:
He sings like a bird, and I gather the dough.

B. L. T.

*"I don't care if Caruso pinched a thousand women if he can sing."—
Herr Conried.

"TURRIBLE."

"No, sir!" said Josiah Clovertop to "Hen" Hayseed, as
they discussed the question of "hired help" in front
of the Eggville post-office on Saturday when everybody had
"come to town." "No, sir, Josi", hired help ain't what it used to
be by a long shot, by heck! Hard to git and no 'count when you



LIBERTY.

As the Goddess appears to the incoming Sicilian.



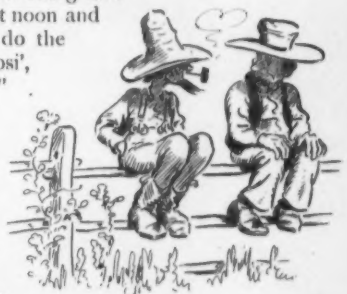
IF ELEPHANTS WERE INSECTS.

With Puck's regards to the *London Sketch* which recently contained
some illustrations, "If Insects Were as Large as Elephants."

git it! In our young days when we hired out we callated on
doin' a good day's work and didn't kick if we got a dollar a day
for it, but now a hired man wants his two dollars a day and he
don't expect to pull out afore five in the mornin' and wants to
knock off work at seven at night and then kicks if you ask him
to chop wood or milk a few keows or chore 'round an hour or two
arter supper. I dunno what farmin' is comin' to with all the help
so blamed triflin'. Man left me right in the middle of hayin' be-
cause I routed him out at four in the morning and
wouldn't let him lazy 'round a hull hour at noon and
knock off work at sunset so he needn't do the
milkin' by lantern-light. I tell you, Josi',
farmin' ain't what it used to was, by heck!"

"No it hain't," assented Josiah,
solemnly. "An' wimmen help is jest as
triflin' as men help. Here I paid a girl
a dollar and seventy-five a week to help
my wife while we had nine or ten sum-
mer boarders, an' that triflin' thing never
stirred till most five ev'ry mornin' an'
said sixteen in fam'ly was too many
where only one girl was kept and she
kicked because we wanted her to weed in the
garden when she'd nothin' else to do. Kicked 'cause she couldn't
set idle a hull hour ev'ry afternoon and got ugly because she
couldn't git her dishwashin' done until ten at night. I dunno what
the world is comin' to with so few people havin' any ambition to
work. Looks to me like things is goin' to the dogs generally through
idleness an' extravagance an' waste. That girl spent sixty-nine
cents in one day for ribbon while she was at my house an' my wife
ketched her throwin' away a good third of a piece o' pie a boarder
had left on his plate 'stid of puttin' it away for herself or the hired
man to eat. It's turrible the way things go on the farm now—
days—turrible!"

M. W.



THE PROVIDER.

A PRIMROSE on a fall hat's brim
A dozen dollars meant to him,
And maybe more.

MARCH OF DESOLATION.

"NEW ENGLAND is full of abandoned farms, and now things are
on the blink in Wall Street."
"So I hear. I s'pose it's full of abandoned banks?"



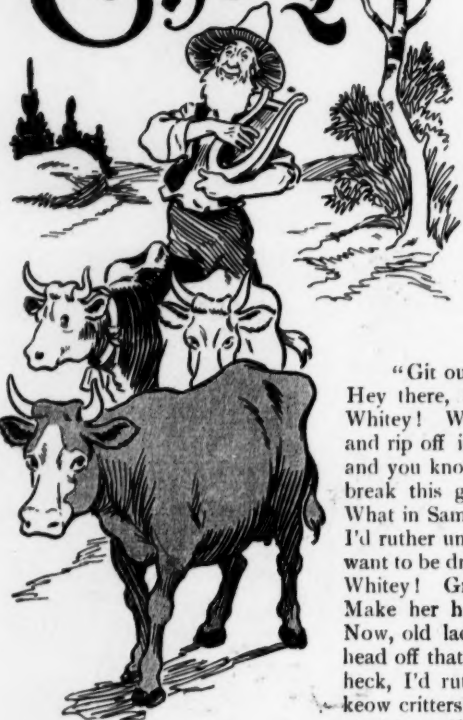
THE PUCK PRESS

KEEP OFF THE GRASS

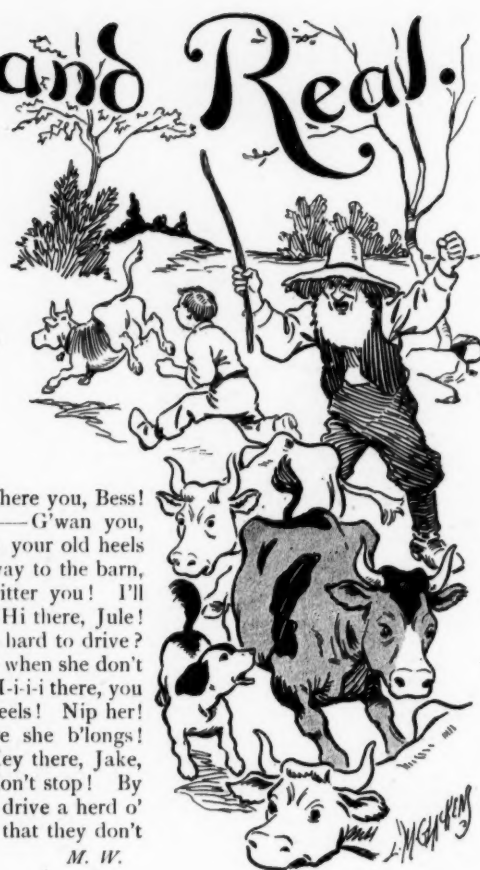


OFF THE GRASS.

The Imaginary and Real.



THE IMAGINARY.
UP from the cool, lush meadows
And across the brook so fair,
The farmer drives his gentle kine
In the hush of the evening air.
There is soft-eyed Bess and gentle Sue
And Whitey with crumpled horn
To answer all to the farmer's call
When he bids them go to the barn.
Through winding lanes they graze their way
Sue and Whitey and Bess,
And the farmer gently urges them on
With kindly word and caress.



THE REAL.
"Git out o' this, ye dratted old trollops! Hi, there you, Bess!
Hey there, Sue, ye old torment you; I'll maul—G'wan you,
Whitey! What in time ye want ye want to kick up your old heels
and rip off in that side-road for? That ain't the way to the barn,
and you know it! There! take that, you measly critter you! I'll
break this gad over your back if you try to—Hi there, Jule!
What in Sam Hill makes you gol-durned critters so hard to drive?
I'd ruther undertake to drive ten pigs than one keow when she don't
want to be druv! Now, by heck, you'd better—H-i-i-i there, you
Whitey! Great Scott! Sic 'em, Tige! Nip her heels! Nip her!
Make her hump herself back into the road where she b'longs!
Now, old lady, I reckon next time you will—Hey there, Jake,
head off that old rip of a keow! Brain her, if she don't stop! By
heck, I'd ruther saw a cord of green hick'ry than drive a herd o'
keow critters home when they git it into their heads that they don't
want to go!"

M. W.

ANOTHER BUNTING LULLABY.



BYE, Baby Bunting, Papa Dear is grunting;
Motor isn't running. Isn't Papa cunning,
Lying under the machine?
Sister's gone for gasoline.
Brother's having lots of fun
Off on an endurance run;
Cousin Bill's away from home
Driving at the Motordrome;
Cousin Sadie soon will go
With us to the Auto Show.
Uncle's got a fine to pay—
Pinched for speeding yesterday.
Mama Dear is quite a peach.
Racing down at Ormonde Beach.

Bye, Baby Bunting, no wonder Papa's grunting!

M. Worth Colwell.

WHAT STUNG HIM.

MRS. WAYBACK.—I notice these here submarine torpedor boats
are named after stinging things mostly.
MR. WAYBACK.—Ye don't say? Wonder if any uv them are
yet named "Soap Agent," "Portrait Solicitor," "Rheumatiz Special-
ist," or "Patent Churn Peddler."

THE POETRY MARKET.

SONNETS, steady, with a slight upward ten-
dency.
Triolets, firm, notwithstanding some profit
taking.
Dialect Verse, bullish. Indiana firsts in
great demand.
Rondeaus, fluctuating; opened 61½; closed
59; high 63½.
Epics, no sales. Villanelles, dull.
Blank Verse, quiet. Some wash sales re-
ported.
Magazine Quatrains, lively; 118 bid, 125 asked.
Couplets, brisk.
Christmas Verse for immediate delivery, very
active; receipts unequal to demand.
Rumors to the effect that some of the largest verse
foundries will go on half time or shut down altogether
are vigorously denied.



AFTER ALL IS SAID AND done!

If you don't know what love is, you're not in it, that's all.



A TEST CASE.

THE CAT.—Well, it's up to me to try that knock.

THE LEARNED BOOBIES.



HAVE BEEN for some time collecting the sayings of college presidents," remarked the Seldom Sort of Man, who habitually thought along erratic lines, "just as some people delight in accumulating odd bugs or miscellaneous children or whatever else happens to appeal to them. As a rule, I find that these erudite gentlemen give utterance to some very quaint and curious notions in their frantic endeavors to attract attention to themselves and the institutions of learning with which they are connected.

"For example, one, whose brow, I have no doubt, bulges like the back of a snapping-turtle, has lately said that a pint of peanuts is more nutritious than \$1.45 worth of porterhouse steak; another has recently found an excuse for Benedict Arnold's cutting up as he did; while still another declares that rocking the boat, instead of being, as is generally suspected, a highly reprehensible practice, commonly confined to lunatics and persons not yet dry behind the ears, is in reality but the natural effervescence of adolescence, to be

encouraged, rather than frowned upon, lest the tender, care-free spirit of youth be dwarfed and stunted. One triumphantly announces a discovery which throws new light on the character of John Batson, the while, in the absentminded way of the wise, he fails to let us know who John Batson may have happened to have been. One cries aloud that the desire for cheap railroad fare is a disease, while another raises a terrible helliwhoop that the pernicious Teddy Bear must be abrogated because it is robbing the little misses of our land of their embryonic mother-instinct. The human soul, announces another, has substantiality, and in architectural outlines considerably resembles an old-fashioned oyster of the Cape Cod variety.

"Yet another claims to have invented a style of denatured or hugless waltz which is a perfect substitute for the common or garden variety with hugs. Here comes one with a proclamation which arouses my antagonism. He declares that tipping or lifting the hat is merely a relic of the by-gosh—I mean, by-gone—days of chivalry when it meant something, but as it now means nothing he demands that the hat be not removed under any circumstances, while I hold that the hat should emphatically be removed upon the following occasions, to wit: Before donning a wig or dying the hair, when taking a bath if of the all-over, kersouse variety, before going to bed, when taking up a collection, when trying on a new hat, before being shampooed, baptised or decapitated, and when about to stand on the head, either in public or private. I am sure that any procedure to the contrary would mean something to me, although, of course, I am not a college president. To me, if I were to continue wearing my hat under the stresses just mentioned, it would mean that, in my humble way, I was drunk.

"Now, while all these sorts of theories are so solemnly put forth by the gentlemen of the colleges that the average citizen seems to imagine that they are indeed true and of vital importance, they somehow lead me to the conclusion that, while it seems that gross ignorance is 144 times as bad as ordinary ignorance, in magnificent lack of knowledge of things essential, helpful and really consequential, these wise men display less real horse-sense than a barrel of hair, and that for genuine utility even the shortest and narrowest brick walk has the Professional Pundit skinned seven ways from the jack. I may be mildly prejudiced, but it seems to me that the learned booby is the crassest of all fools, world without end, Amen."

NONE BUT THE BRAVE
DESERVES THE FARE.

Tom P. Morgan.

THE DISTRICT LEADER AND HIS LUCKY "CONSTITOOENTS."



He distributes free shoes to down-and-out men in Winter, with turkey and cranberry sauce on the side.



And he gives an outing to the women and children in Summer, with ice cream and shoot-the-chutes thrown in.



But he arranges to "kill in committee" at the behest of corporate interests any legislation that would be permanently helpful to the people of his district.

Throw away your soiled cards. Your friends won't enjoy playing with them. But they will enjoy a new, clean pack of

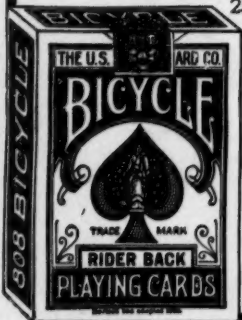
Bicycle Playing Cards

Smooth, springy—full of snap. It is a pleasure to handle them.

25c. per pack.

Thin and flexible. Large readable indexes.

The new game Quinton's Send 3c. stamp for rules. 175-page book of all card game rules prepaid 10c. stamps or six day ends of Bicycle truck boxes The U. S. Playing Card Co., 618 Congress Court, Cincinnati, U.S.A.



MR. ROCKEFELLER'S faith in the philanthropic possibilities of the trust system is cheerful. But a little friendly prejudice on his part is naturally to be expected.—*Washington Star*.



White Rock

"The Champagne of Waters"



DAT'S DIF'FUNT.

MR. COLE.—Miss Bracktite, is yo' mahried foh dis ebenin'?

MISS BRACKTITE.—Sah!!

MR. COLE.—'Scuse me! Mah mistake. Is yoh engaged foh dis ebenin'?

If you need a bracer in the morning try a glass of soda and a little of Abbott's Bitters. You'll be surprised how it will brighten you up.

A GREAT MAN.

ASKUM.—Your father was an actor, you say?

BRAGLEY.—Sure; Bragley, the tragedian, you know.

ASCUM.—Funny, I never heard of him. He played Hamlet, I suppose?

BRAGLEY.—Sure! He originated the part.—*Catholic Standard and Times*.

A Club Cocktail

IS A BOTTLED DELIGHT



THOUSANDS have discarded the idea of making their own cocktails—all will after giving the CLUB COCKTAILS a fair trial. Scientifically blended from the choicest old liquors and mellowed with age make them the perfect cocktails that they are. Seven kinds, most popular of which are Martini (Gin base), Manhattan (Whiskey base).

The following label appears on every bottle:

Guaranteed under the National Pure Food and Drugs Act, Approved June 30th, 1906. Serial No. 1707.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Props.
Hartford New York London

AGGRAVATING.

Isn't it aggravating when you're reading a man's newspaper over his shoulder to have him turn the page before you can get to the end of a story?—*Detroit Free Press*.

WHEN a girl is eighteen, she has "the time of her life" about every other week.—*Somerville Journal*.

Pears'

"There's no place like home," and no soap like Pears'.

Pears' Soap is found in millions of homes the world over.

Sold everywhere.

Bunner's Short Stories

SHORT SIXES

They will delight all sorts and conditions of readers.—*Pittsburgh Dispatch*.

MADE IN FRANCE

Though the creations are de Maupassant's the style is Bunner's, and we are well acquainted with that quaint humor and originality.—*Detroit Free Press*.

THE RUNAWAY BROWNS

Will bring more than one hearty laugh even from those unused to smile.—*N. Y. S. Bulletin*.

MORE SHORT SIXES

You smile over their delicious absurdities, perhaps, but never roar because they are "awfully funny."—*Boston Times*.

THE SUBURBAN SAGE

Mr. Bunner in the present volume writes in his most happy mood.—*Boston Times*.

PRICE, in Cloth :: :: \$1.00 per Volume

For sale by all Booksellers, or by mail from the Publishers on receipt of price.

Address: PUCK,
295-309 Lafayette Street, New York



H. C. Bunner

PALL MALL FAMOUS CIGARETTES for CONNOISSEURS



A Shilling in London
A Quarter Here



Without
an
Equal

Sold by leading dealers

MEUM ET TUUM.

Promoters come, and make it go;
You listen to their thrilling tales
Of velvet on such prices low,
And how they're making lots of sales.

How Jiggs has bought a bulky block
Of first preferred, the foxy chap;
How Sniggs, who's always on the knock,
Can't get enough of such a snap.

And how development is all
That's needed: just to sink a shaft
And cut a tunnel to a wall
Of stuff that's rich—as great as graft!

And so you blow your hard earned cash,
And mighty seldom you divine,
Until at last there comes the smash,
The bunco game of mine and thine.
—*Indianapolis News.*

MAXIM GORKY has had more trouble with his domestic affairs than some of the Pittsburgh millionaires.—*Washington Star.*

EVEN yet there are a whole lot of unbusted trusts which may wake up any morning to find themselves famous.—*Indianapolis News.*

VARIETY.

There is plenty of change as the weeks speed away;
By monotony no one is vexed.
We have learned to look out for a war-cloud one day,
And for peace with its sunshine the next.—*Washington Star.*

DIAMONDS ON CREDIT

You Can Easily Own a Diamond or Watch. Pay one-fifth on delivery, balance in 8 monthly payments. Catalog free. Write today. LOFTIS BROS. & CO., Dept. 2, 50, 92 State St., Chicago, Ill.

The problem of shaving has always been a troublesome one with most men. Those who depend on the barber find it expensive—a waste of time and disagreeable in many ways—without taking into account the danger of infection from unsanitary conditions.

This little razor, "The Gillette," has solved the problem for all time.

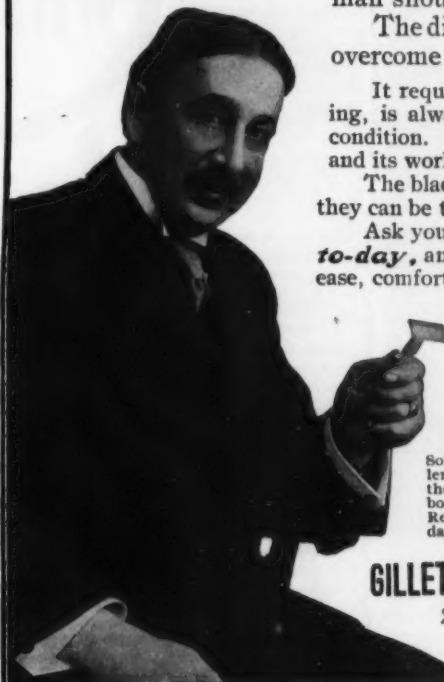
There is no reason why every man should not shave himself.

The difficulties have all been overcome by the "Gillette."

It requires no stropping or honing, is always sharp and in perfect condition. Its adjustment is positive and its work is perfect.

The blades are so inexpensive that they can be thrown away when dulled.

Ask your dealer for the "Gillette" to-day, and "shave yourself" with ease, comfort and economy.



The Gillette Safety Razor consists of triple silver-plated holder—12 double-edged blades, packed in velvet lined leather case. Price, \$3. Combination sets, \$6.50 to \$50.00. Blades so inexpensive when dull may be thrown away.

Sold by leading Jewelry, Drug, Cutlery and Hardware dealers. Ask for the "Gillette" and our interesting booklet. Refuse all substitutes and write to-day for our special free trial offer.

GILLETTE SALES COMPANY

262 Times Building

NEW YORK CITY

Gillette Safety Razor
NO STROPPING NO HONING



ONE WAY OUT OF IT



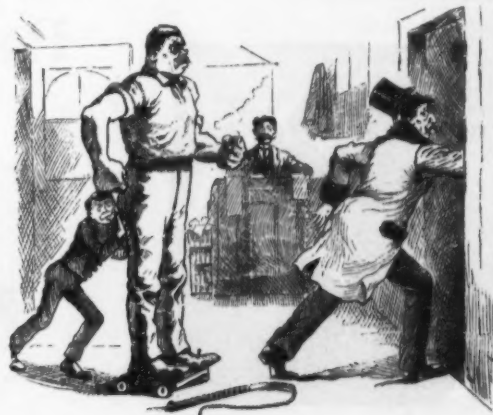
PARTY (with a grievance).—If your rascally cur of a city editor's in, I wan' ter see him, an' blamed quick, too!

ASSISTANT EDITOR.—He'd be delighted. Johnny ask Mr. Mildmay to step out a moment, will you?

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER.
"Its Purity Has Made It Famous."
Invaluable in the Home and Office.

"THAT ice cream freezer you sold me," cried the angry woman, "is a fake. It doesn't do the work you claim it does."

"No?" replied the new salesman; "perhaps you—er—didn't use the best quality ice. The ice must be very cold, you know."—*Catholic Standard and Times.*



JOHNNY.—Th' ole man pushes kind'r hard this mornin'. Guess I'll have t' grease up his wheels a little.

Do you get up tired and feel tired all day? Try a tablespoonful of Abbott's Bitters in sweetened water before meals. At grocers or druggists.

"We must devise ways and means for securing the passage of this bill by the Legislature," remarked the senior partner. "It means a fortune for us."

"Well," replied the junior member, "I know the surest of all ways if we only had sufficient means."—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.*



ST. LOUIS and CINCINNATI—NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES

NO
DINNER
COMPLETE
WITHOUT
IT



NO
DINNER
COMPLETE
WITHOUT
IT

LIQUEUR Pères Chartreux

—GREEN AND YELLOW—

This famous cordial, now made at Tarra-gona, Spain, was for centuries distilled by the Carthusian Monks (Pères Chartreux) at the Monastery of La Grande Chartreuse, France, and known throughout the world as Chartreuse. The above cut represents the bottle and label employed in the put-ting up of the article since the Monks' ex-pulsion from France, and it is now known as Liqueur Pères Chartreux (the Monks, however, still retain the right to use the old bottle and label as well), distilled by the same order of Monks, who have secure-ly guarded the secret of its manufacture for hundreds of years, and who alone pos-sess a knowledge of the elements of this delicious nectar.

At first-class Wine Merchants, Grocers, Hotels, Cafés,
Bâtier & Co., 45 Broadway, New York, N. Y.,
Sole Agents for United States.

ARGUMENTS.

"You do not assert yourself as much as you might in advocat-ing government policies."

"No," answered Senator Sorghum, "I have discovered that no economic theory can be evolved which will be as much of an argument with my constituents as a few properly located public improve-ments, or a well selected postmas-ter."—*Wash. Star.*

HER MIRROR.

"I'll take that," said the man, indica-ting a silver-mounted handglass, "and I want you to engrave on it, 'From J. J. B. to Phyllis.'"

"Very well," re-plied the salesman, "we'll put it on the back here—"

"Oh, no, put it around the edge on the front. I want her to see it."—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

SOME tendency ex-ists to use Mr. Corey as a contradiction of the saying that people who get married and settle down are no longer interesting.—*Washington Star.*

BISHOP POTTER says that war will last as long as the world lasts. If what Sher-man said of war is true, it will last through eternity.—*Chicago Post.*

JOHN JAMESON WHISKEY

First in popu-
larity because
first in quality.

Sole Agents
W. A. TAYLOR & CO.
New York

DEALERS should ORDER their SUPPLY of EVANS' Ale and Stout NOW

and avoid the risk and delay of cold weather ship-ments.
C. H. EVANS & SONS,
Brewery and Bottling Works, Hudson, N. Y.

GOOD MATERIAL.

"I see they're advertising a new breakfast food," said the traveler.

"That so?" replied the stranger who shared his seat in the train. "I'll have to look it up."

"Fond of those things, eh?"

"No, but it might be worth dramatiz-ing. I'm a theatrical manager."—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

TRUE.

On this one fact,
I'll make a bet;
The slowest man
Can run in debt.
—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE end of the world is near, says a minister. There are gentlemen who will charge that to Mr. Roosevelt.—*Chicago Post.*

THE fashion pre-diction of sixteen-inch waists for wo-men tends to confirm the theory that men's arms are get-ting shorter.—*Indi-anapolis News.*

It is not likely that Rough Rider Frantz, of Okla-homa, is worrying about the future. Vacancies on the government pay-rolls are occurring every day or two, and good horse-men are needed at de-partment desks.—*Washington Post.*

"The
Perfect

Pint of
Stout."



FACSIMILE OF LABEL REDUCED

Delicious

Far superior to any of the Malt Extracts. It is re-freshing, stimulating, and builds up the general sys-tem quickly and lastingly.

If you want the best stout insist on MEUX'S with above label.

Sole Importers and agents for U. S.

LUYTIES BROTHERS
NEW YORK

HENRY LINDENMEYR & SONS PAPER WAREHOUSE,

22, 24 and 26 Blocker Street.
BRANCH WAREHOUSE: 20 Beekman Street, NEW YORK.
All kinds of Paper made to order.



THE ETERNAL QUESTION—
"Which Gown Shall I Wear?"

By Leighton Budd.

Photogravure in Black, 8 x 11 in.

PRICE 25 CENTS.

Puck Proofs



LEFT AT HOME.

By "O'Neill."

Photogravure in Black, 11 x 8 in.

PRICE 25 CENTS.



HIS SUCCESSOR.

By Stuart Travis.

Photogravure in Sepia, 10 x 15 in.

PRICE ONE DOLLAR.

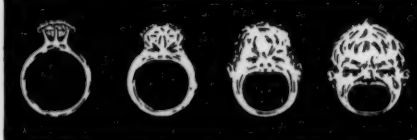


THEIR FIRST QUARREL

By "O'Neill."

Photogravure in Black, 11 x 8 in.

PRICE TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.



EVOLUTION OF THE ENGAGEMENT RING.

By Stef Clarke.

Photogravure in Black, 12 x 9 in.

PRICE TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.



THE LOVE SCENE.

By Gordon H. Grant.

Photo Gelatine Print, 12 x 9 in.

PRICE TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

THESE are a few examples of the PUCK PROOFS. Send Ten Cents for Catalogue with over Seventy Miniature Reproductions.

Art Stores and Dealers supplied by
THE ANDERSON PUBLISHING CO., 32 Union Square, N. Y.

Address PUCK, New York, 295-309 Lafayette St.

The Standard of
Whiskey Excellence

Garrick Club Whiskey



"THE BEST IN THE HOUSE"

Alfred E. Norris & Co., Proprietors, Philadelphia



THE WISE FOX.

THE RABBIT.—No wonder he's hurrying away from home. His wife has just discovered that her affinity is the Polecat.

THE season has now been reached when it is believed that the corn crop is safe from everything except board of trade rumors.—*Indianapolis News*.

A MODEL husband who gets dinner while his wife is at the club has been discovered. He may be a model, but it's our opinion that he's a self-maid man.—*Detroit Free Press*.

Earn This \$20.00 Kodak and \$15.00 Cash



By Securing 50 Subscriptions to
THE METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE

We also offer Boats, Cameras, Jew-
elry, Silverware and many other
valuable articles.

**EACH SUBSCRIPTION TAKEN EARNS
A PRIZE AND A CASH COMMISSION**

Your Cash Commission and the
value of your Prize is in proportion
to the number of subscription taken.

**ABSOLUTELY NO COMPETITIVE
PRIZES OFFERED**

Write at once for Illustrated Circular.

THE METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE, Dept. P-2, 3 W. 29th St., New York City

WHY HE WEAKENED.

"Yes, suh," explained the old family
servant, "de ol' kunnel died las' year—
died er disap'intment!"

"Lost his fortune?"

"Wus dan dat, suh! Dese new, col'
winters in de south is what kilt him.
W'en he see his whisky all froze up, an'
he had ter chaw cracked ice ter git at
it, he heaved a deep sigh an' give up
de ghost! But w'en I come ter study
'bout it, I knows hit wuz all fer de best,
fer he never would 'a' live ten minutes
after de Georgy legislatur' folks let
prohibition in!"—*Atlanta Constitution*.

ROCKEFELLER and Thomas Platt
both rejuvenated. The doctors have a
lot to account for.—*Detroit Free Press*.

THE chief grievance of the laborers
in the Canal Zone, according to an in-
vestigator, is the lack of amusement.
Visits from Congressional committees
at shorter intervals might help some.—
Washington Post.

Jaeger

SANITARY UNDERWEAR

Instinct points the way!

It teaches the mother to wrap
her babe in woollens. It teaches
men and women to think of wool-
ens when cold approaches.

Jaeger woollens are unrivaled for
purity and protection, also for dura-
bility. They are therefore a money-
saver in the end as well as a health-
promoter all the time.

Write for samples and booklet
of particulars.

Dr. Jaeger's S. W. S. Co.'s Own Stores

New York: 306 Fifth Ave., 22 Maiden Lane.
Brooklyn: 504 Fulton St. Boston: 228 Boylston St.
Phila.: 1516 Chestnut St. Chicago: 82 State St.
Agents in all Principal Cities

"WHEN THE NOTE FALLS DUE."

When the note falls due—

When the note falls due,
Though the sky has not a shadow
Ain't you feelin' just as blue?

Don't a step upon the stairway
Thrill a feller through an' through
When the note—

When the note
Falls due?

When the note falls due—

When the note falls due,
And your friend has left the city,
And the banker won't renew,
Don't you wish the earth would swallow
Just that little note and you
When the note—

When the note
Falls due?

—*Atlanta Constitution*.

THE FAMILY OCCUPATIONS.

Mother—at the scrubbing board.
Sister—at the ironing board.

Father,
Bill,
Jim,
Frank,
Grandpa,

at the score board.

—*Detroit Free Press*.

Pure



good
old
RED
TOP
RYE

FERDINAND WESTHEIMER & SONS
CINCINNATI, O. LOUISVILLE, KY. ST. JOSEPH, MO.

ONE reason why a baseball player
doesn't do so well in a worldly way as
a statesman is that there are no Chau-
tauqua circuits to furnish him with easy
money in the winter time.—*Indianapolis
News*.

LOTS OF FUN

Send your Engaged Friends
a copy of the

**EVOLUTION OF THE
ENGAGEMENT RING**

By Stef Clarke.

Photo Gelatine Print, 12x9 in.

Price 25 Cents.



This is but one example of the
:: :: PUCK PROOFS :: ::
Send Ten Cents for new Cata-
logue with over Sixty Miniature
Reproductions.

Address PUCK, New York
295-309 Lafayette Street

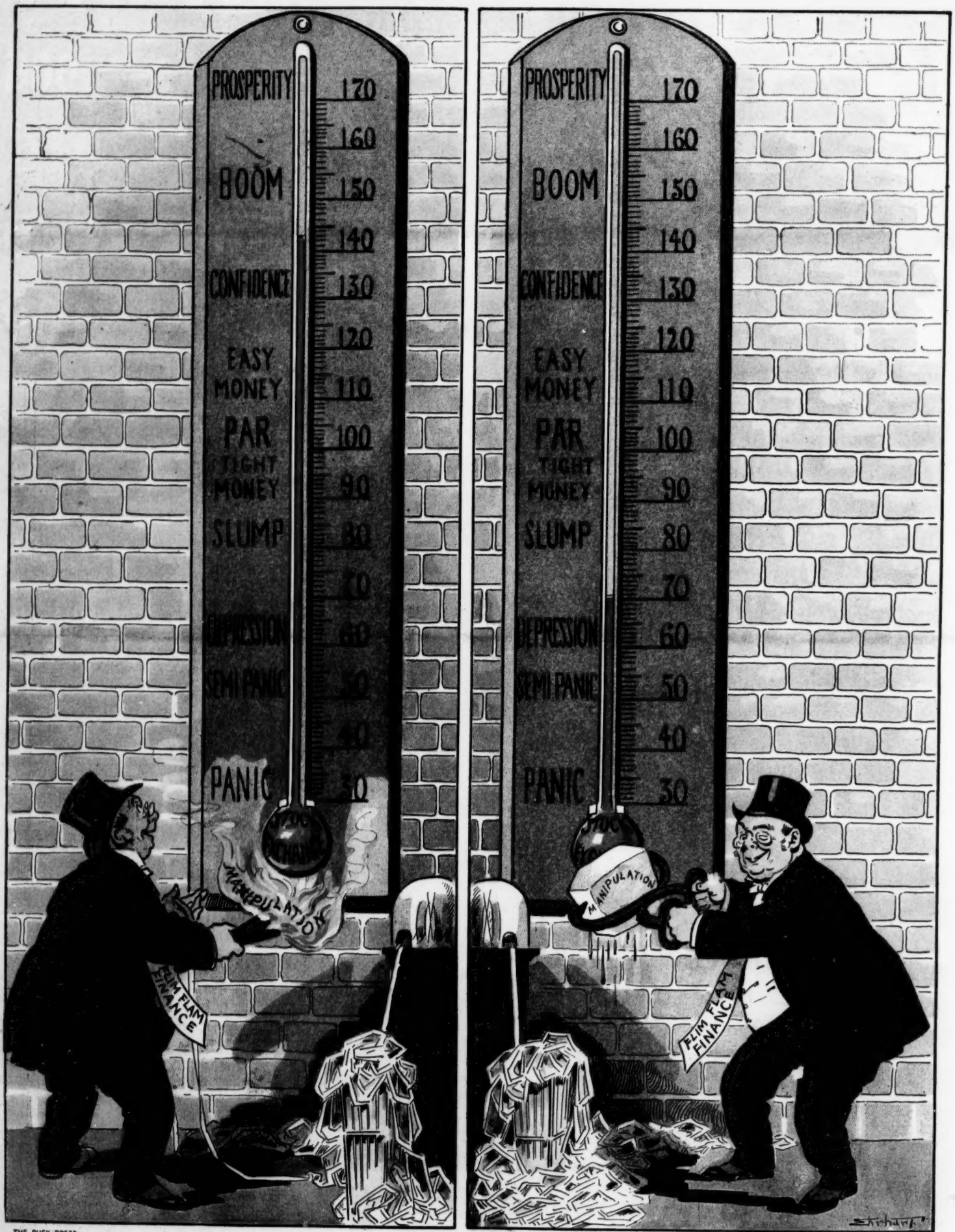
Atlantic City

3 HOURS FROM NEW YORK VIA
NEW JERSEY CENTRAL

Solid Vestibule Trains, Buffet Parlor and Din-
ing Cars. Leave West 34th St. 9:50 a.m. daily;
12:50 p.m. (Saturdays only); 3:30 p.m. daily (ex-
cept Sundays); 8:30 p.m. (Sundays only)
Leave Liberty St. 10:00 a.m. daily; 1:00 p.m.
(Saturdays only); 3:40 p.m. daily (except Sun-
days); 8:30 p.m. (Sundays only)

BOKER'S BITTERS

Antidyspeptic. A tonic, an appetizer and a delicacy in mixed drinks.



THE PUCK PRESS

WALL STREET.

"THE INDEX OF THE COUNTRY'S PROSPERITY."